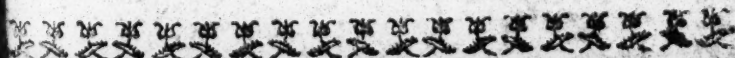
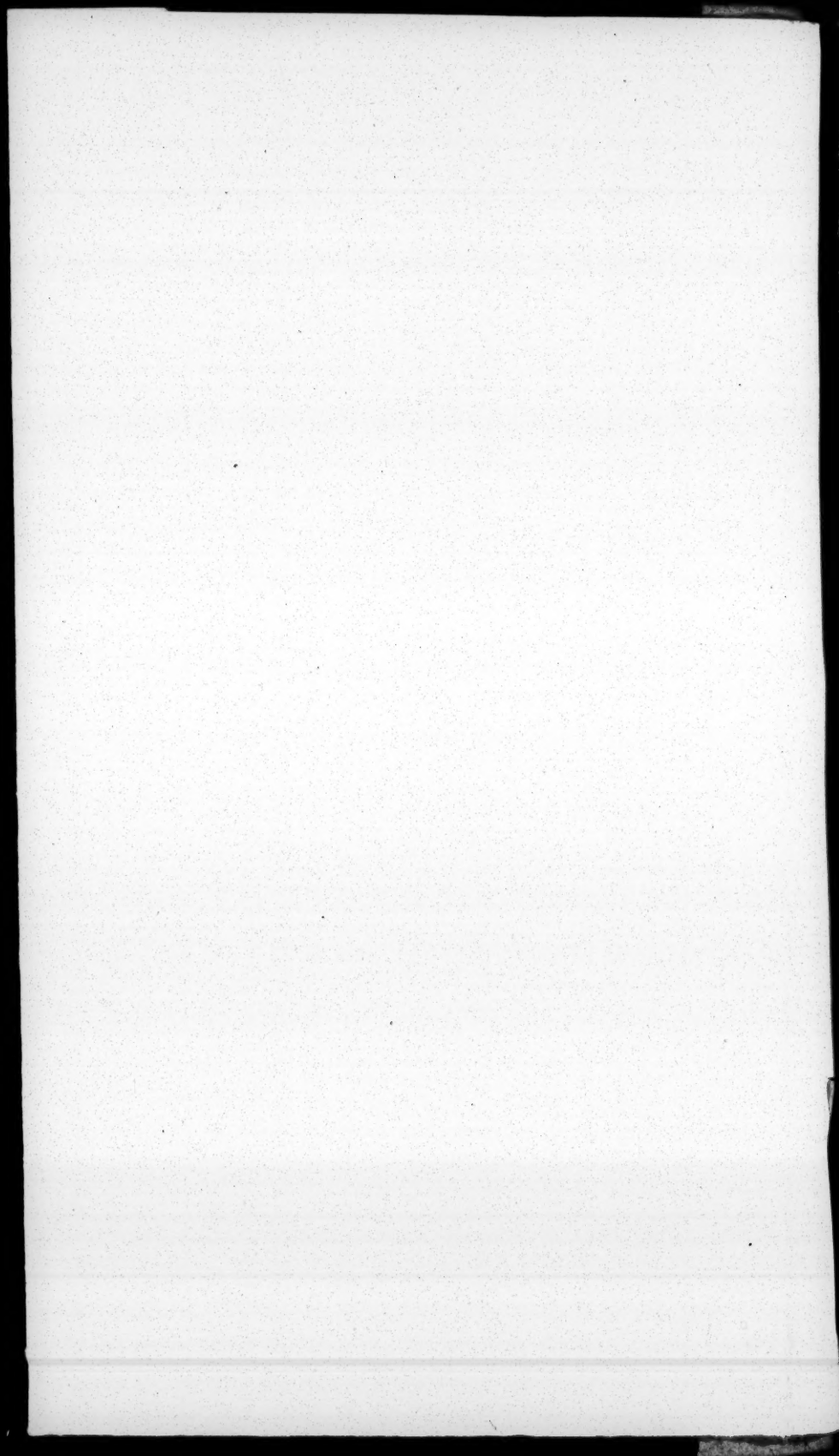


S I M P L E
S I M O N ' S ^K
Misfortunes, &c.



Leicester; Printed by JOHN IRELAND.



S I M P L E
S I M O N ' S ^K
Misfortunes, &c.



1079. 1 24
179 25



Leicester; Printed by JOHN IRELAND,



42-6-27-92



Simple SIMON's

Misfortunes ;

A N D

His Wife Margery's
Outrageous Cruelty.

Which began the morning after their marriage: The contents of which are contained in seven several chapters.

S H E W I N G

How she dragg'd him up the chimney in a basket, a smoke drying, for putting on his roast meat cloaths the next day after he was married: Of the loss of two sacks of Corn, and of his breaking his basket of Eggs, and of his being set in the stocks likewise losing his wifes pail and burning the bottom of the kettle, and of the losing his money; likewise his being robbed by a Ragman of his cloaths, and forc'd to go home naked: With many other misfortunes which happen'd to him, which you may find in a concluding Copy of Verses, which gives a full Account of his attempting to poison himself with a Bottle of sack, as being weary of his life.

The poor Unfortunate

SIMON:

A N D

His Wife Margery's
Outrageous Cruelty.

C H A P. I.

*An account of Simon's Wedding, and how his
Wife Margery scolded at him for putting his
Roast meat cloaths on the next morning af-
ter he was married, &c.*

SIMON (the subject of our ensuing dis-
course) was a man much unfortunate
for many years after marriage not only by
crosses, but also by the Cruelty of Margery
his severe Wife; his wedding day was the
best he saw in 7 years after; for then he had
all his friends about him, rough *Ralph* the
Fidler, and *Will* the Piper were appointed
to make him and his Guest merry; singing
and

and dancing, with sumptuous feasting attended the day; and full Tankards and flowing bowls usher'd in the Evening, which when ended, this loving couple was put to bed, where all their friends left them, how he pleased her that night I cannot tell, but the next morning was usher'd in with a mighty storm, only because *Simon* intended to put on his Roast meat cloaths: *Margery* his bride (forsooth) began to read him a morning lecture as soon as it was light, and took upon her the husband authority as well as her own, she gave great loose to her passions, and tyranniz'd over him with an unbecoming behaviour, and fell a scolding him in a most imperious manner.

Why how now, what day is to day, that you must put on your holyday cloaths; with a pyecrust to ye, what do you intend to do, says she, tell me quickly? Nothing (queth *Simon*) but walk abroad with you, sweet wife, to see your friends and kinsfolks, as is common the next day after marriage. No, no, (said *Margery*) this must not nor shall not be, 'tis well known that I have brought you a considerable portion, forty Shillings in money, and a good milch Cow, 4 fat weathers, with half a dozen of ewes and lambs, likewise geese, Hens, turkeys, also a sow and pigs, with other moveables which is more than any of your crook'd

back generation is able to give you, and do you think you shall lead such a lazy life now, Sirrah as you did before I was married to you, and if you do, then say my name is not Margery, now I have got you in the bands of Matrimony, I'll make you know what it is to be wedded. Therefore to work Rascal to work and take care that what I have brought be not consumed, for if you don't, what do you think will become of me your wife, and your poor children, that is if ever you are able to get any.

Now Simon look'd like one that had neither sence nor reason, but stood so much amazed at the railing of his wife as if there had been a whole army of kitchen scolds, or Billingsgate shrews: So Simon remembering her former disceurte, said softly to himself, you talk of a fow, Uds-woggers, I think I have a woeful one now. *Whats that you say, Sirrah?* said she, nothing dear Wife, but what you said I allow to be true, and therewithal he agreed to her will and taking his bottle and bag, went forward to his daily labour, and coming towards the lower end of the town, he chanced to meet with old *Jobson* the cobler, a bonny boon blade, and one that loved a cup of good ale, who said to *Simon*, honest *Simon*? I am very glad to see thee, for since our last sight of one another I hear say you are married therefore I wish

with you joy, old boy, now old Jobson, being a merry blade, invited *Simon* his old acquaintance to take share of a flaggon or two of the best liquor the Vine ale-house could afford, and there to drink Margerys good health. Being merry in discourse together, talking of the old tricks and pranks they had formerly play'd when batchelors: Jobson taking the flaggon in his hand, said come heres to thee honest *Simon* wishing thee a great deal of happiness that ever old *Randle* thy father-in-law had with his wife for she was such a scold that happy were they that lived out of the clamour of her noise, but without question thy wife Margery may be of a milder spirit, and have more of the meekness of her father, then the fury of her mother; come *Simon* come heres to thee, but not to thee alone, but also to my old acquaintance and dear friend, your betrothed wife Margery; faith *Simon* I wish she was here, how merry should we be, Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to think on't. Ah! dear friend Jobson (quoth *Simon* fetching a deep sigh) I fear it would be with the wrong side her mouth: Well (quoth Jobson) I vow I long to see her, and verily believe she would be as glad to see me; I dare say she will prove a mighty good wife: Come, come what think you *Simon*? Truly neighbour Jobson,

I don't know how it may be; but in troth, I have had a bad beginning and if I have no better ending it were well if I had been tied to our plough tail, and ended my days in that sorrow, than live to see so much misery that is like to fall upon the poor wretched *Simon*. No sooner where the words out of poor *Simon's* mouth, but in comes *Margery* with her gossips, whom *Jobson* longed to see forsooth, wishing her much joy, but *Margery* in a woeful fury, snatch'd up old *Jobson's* oaken staff from off the table, & gave poor *Simon* such a clank o'er the noddle, that made the blood run down both sides his ears; saying. is this your work *Sirrah*? *Jobson* the cobbler seeing so sudden an alteration stood like a man frightened out of his senses, not knowing which way to shun the like disaster; she turning about to the left, being well disciplin'd, said, thou rogue thou rascal, thou art he that ruins all the good womens husbands in town, and therefore thou shalt not go away unrewarded; giving him 3 or 4 swinging licks o'er the head and shoulders, which made poor *Jobson* lie in bed for a fortnight before he could get the use of his arms to stitch his old shoes as formerly: Simple *Simon* having all this while not power to run away. stood like one half frightened out of his wits, and trembling before

fore his bride, with his hat in one hand, and the flaggon in the other, praying her to be patient and he would no more offend her but she gave him a frown, and bid him be gone about his business, which he immediately did; so that Margery and her goss had the whole room to themselves, where they sat quietly tipling, till they were drunk as so many Fisher women.

C H A P. II.

His wife dragg'd him up the chimney in basket, a smoke drying, wherein they use to dry bacon which made him look the colour of a red herring.

AT Night when he returned to his home Margery through a nap that she had taken was a little restored to her senses again yet not forgetting the fault that Simon had committed in the morning, vowing that a broken pate should not be sufficient satisfaction for such an offence, invented another sort of punishment which she added to it; for having a wide chimney, wherein they used to dry bacon, she taking him at an advantage tied him hand and foot and bound him down in a basket and by the help of a rope draw'd him up to the beam in the chimney where she left him to take his lodgings the 2d night after his wedding, with a small smoky fire under him so that in the morning

ing he was almost reas'd like a red herring; but at length thro' much intreaty and great many fair promises, poor Simon prevailed with his dear wife to let him down.

I Love release me from this horrid smoke
And I will never more my wife provoke,
So she did yield to let him down from thence
And laid be careful of the next offence.

C H A P. III.

Simon lost a sack of Corn as he was going to the Mill to have it ground, &c.

NO T long after, she sent him to the Mill with a sack of corn to be ground and bid him be careful what he went about, for (said she) you must not expect to pass unpunished for your Offences. Well (said Simon) naughty boys must be whipt, but I will be as careful as may be, and I hope I shall never offend you more; for which fair promise Margery his wife gave him a Mess of milk, and when he had eaten all up, he took his sack of corn on his Back, and went towards the Mill which stood about two miles from his House. Now when Simon was gotten near half way, he began to be weary, which was the fore-runner of another Misfortune, a man riding by driving an empty horse before him towards the mill, perceiving Simon to be weary of his burthen said

said, he might lay it on his horse and he should carry it to ease him; to this Simon soon consented, this being done, he was present by in a sorrowful condition, for the man riding on, Simon was not able to travel so fast, but left them to go on, while he walked easily after, hoping he would leave it at the Mill, which the man never did, nor never intended to do: When Simon came to the Mill, and found none of his corn left there, he was in ten times more trouble than he was before.

Thus Simon losing his sack of corn, knew not how to go home, or shew his face before his Wife until he had gotten two or three of his neighbours to go along with him, to beg her pardon and help to make up this difference; which they did (after a long parley) so that for this crime Simon pass'd unpunished.

C H A P. IV

Simon went to market with a basket of eggs but broke them by the way; and how he was put in the stocks, &c.

BUT altho' he was not punish'd according to the severe Correction which she formerly gave him yet she did not avoid continually jarring and tattling in his ears, for many days after ever anon crying out, you set will you never be wiser? yes sweet Margery

Margery my dear wife I hope I shall in time Well, said she, I'll try you once more, [here take this basket of eggs and hie you unto market to sell them, but besure you take care you do not break the eggs, nor spend the money for in truth if you do sorrow 'shall be your sops, and you may 'expect to feel the weight of my hand more than ever you have done yet. At which words poor Simon trembled and looked as white as his Wifes smock least he should miscarry with his basket of eggs, for he well knew that Margery would keep her word, and neither be sparing of either resentment or blows.

So Simon taking his basket of eggs went trudging on to the market town, but was no sooner come there, but seeing a great crowd of people, resolved forsooth to go and see what might be the matter: Now when he came there, it was only two butter women that were fallen out to that degree, that they had taken one another by the Quoif, their hair hanging over their ears, and their fillets flying about, which when Simon beheld he was moved with compassion, and ran to them with a desire to part them, but all in vain; for still poor Simon was unfortunate and came off with the loss, for one of the women being in a passion for his so doing, gave him such a push on the elbow which threw

threw him down, and broke all his basket of eggs, poor Simon was almost distracted to see the cursed caudle the butter women had made on the ground; but whether he had more courage at this time than at any other I know not, but thus it was; Simon run in fiercely among them, and resolved to be revenged for the basket of eggs; now while they were in this combustion, the Constable was fetch'd who supposing they were drunk, gave orders they should be set in the stocks together, which was accordingly done, Simon in the middle, and the butter women on each side, who rang such a rattling peal in both his ears, during the hour he sat that Simon was deaf for about a fortnight after. When he was released he ventured home again, altho' with an aching heart, knowing he must go thro' the storm, tho' it was ever so rough, but this was his comfort, amongst the midst of his bad fortune, that though he might possibly feel the weight of her blows, yet he knew he should be free from being tormented with her unruly tongue; for this reason because the 2 butter women had made him so deaf with their scolding, that he had lost his hearing, for the deed a word could he hear, therefore he went home with a chearful heart not having any dread

upon his mind, for the misfortune that had happen'd unto him, besides he comforted himself with the thoughts that his wife would be pleased that he should have so much resolution and good nature as to attempt to appease the wrath of two butter whores, but alas! he was convinced of his mistake, of which the following chapter gives a full relation.

C H A P. V.

How Simon's Wife cudgel'd him for not bringing home the money for his Eggs, &c

A T length Simon coming to his own door, (or his wife's, which you may call it) he met with his beloved *Margery* who seeing a kind of dejected countenance in his face, began to mistrust that something was the matter with him, therefore taking hold of his arm, hawl'd him in the door in order for examination; when poor Simon saw it he could not forbear weeping, and began to tell her a pityful story concerning the stocks, but she still called out for money for her Eggs, but Simon being deaf, could not hear her, and therefore made no answer to it, which occasion'd her to fall upon him with the more fury, coursing poor Simon about the house with the cudgel, and he could by no means get free from her, till at length he was forced to run up stairs, and

jump out of the chamber window, which as soon as she perceived, she after him down the town, with a hundred boys and girls after them, Simon still crying out to the people, *You may see what it is to be married*, and her tone was, *You raseal, money for my Eggs*, being every where now and then accompanied with a crack on the crown with her cudgel. At length it was his good hap to give her a slip, and she return'd back from her pursuit: The night drew near, and Simon having not one penny to help himself, was forced to make the best of a bad bargain resolving to take up his lodgings in the sty among the Hogs, and the next morning he went among his friends and prevail'd with them to go with him to his wife in order to make peace, and as upon Examination this last misfortune was found the effect of his good nature, and not of his folly or idleness his wife Margery was pleas'd to forgive him on his begging pardon on his bended knees

C H A P. VI.

Simon lost his Wife's Pail; and burnt the bottom of her Kettle, &c:

MArgery being reconcil'd once more upon his humble submission, she charged him to be careful for the future, that he did not offend her, as he had done heretofore, which he promised to be careful to observe.

Why

Why then, Simon said she, I am this day to go a gossiping, and I shall leave you here at home to make a fire, and hang on the kettle with water, in order to wash Cloaths, and besure you mind what I say ; Yes sweet wife, quoth Simon, I will with all my heart. and I hope I shall give you content. Now Margery was no sooner gone forth, but simple Simon made a rousing fire, and hung on the kettle then taking the pail, and going to a well, which stood in the middle of the town for water ; when at the same time there came a mad Ox running down the town, with a Butcher and his boy after him, who calling to Simon to stop the Ox he let down the pail and endeavoured all that he could so to do, out the Ox giving him the slip, Simon forgetting his wifes business, ran in pursuit after him, for the space of two or three miles, and then having secured him the Butcher gave him many thanks for his kindness. Simon returned to the well, where he had left his pail, but poor unfortunate Simon was unfortunate still, for the pail was lost, which caused him to make a sad lamentation for the same, he enquiring about, but could not hear of it. and as the Proverb saith, *One sorrow never comes alone,* for going in the door, there was the fire flaming, and the bottom of the kettle quite burnt out, at the

figh

sight of which Simon fell [to wringing his hands, and crying out with a lamentable tone, saying never was man so unfortunate as poor Simon ! what shall I say to my wife when she comes home. First, I have lost the pail ; Secondly, burnt out the bottom of the kettle, here will be a sad reckoning for these mischances. Just in the midst of these lamentations in comes Margery, who having over heard him, came ready arm'd and fitted for fray, how now Sirrah (quoth she) hath this been the care you promised of my business ? And with that she let fly an earthen pisspot upon his head, which caused the blood to run about his ears ; this done, she took him by the Collar. and cufft him about the kitchen at a most horrid rate ; Simon crying for mercy, but Margery increasing still his misery, till at length the neighbours coming in persuading Margery to be pacified, for said they, who can be again a mischance ? *A Rascal* (quoth she) *I can set him about nothing, but thus he serves me :* Yet they still interceded for Simon.

C H A P. VII.

Simon's Wife sent him to buy two Pounds of soap, but going over a Bridge, let his money fall into the river : Also how a Ragman ran away with his Cloath, &c.

Margery calling Simon to her said, will you never be careful in what I set you

about? Yes, loving wife I hope I shall, why
then faith she, take this money, I have ty'd
it in a clout, that you may not lose it,
therefore get you to the Market Town, and
buy me two pounds of Soap, and make all
the haste you can, I will, sweet wife, quoth
he, and with that away he scamper'd as fast
as he could: Now in his way, he was to
pass over a Bridge, which lay over a large
river, he carrying his money in the clout
under his arm, when coming on the middle
of the Bridge, a flight of crows flew over his
head, which frightened him so, that he let
his money fall from under his arm, into the
water; this was the beginning of a new sor-
row, he stood awhile and knew not what
course to take, at length he resolv'd to pull
off his hose, shoes and cloaths, and then to
wade in the water, to search for it, which
he did: Now when he was in search for his
money, and his cloaths lying on the bank side
there came a rag man and put them altoge-
ther in his Bag, which Simon seeing he got
out of the river to run after him, but all in
vain, for the rag-man out run him, and Si-
mon was forced to return home stark naked
which his wife seeing, was in a horrid rage,
he endeavouring to tell her his misfortunes
yet she would not hear him, but taking the
Dog-whip which hung in the chimney cor-
ner

ner, she yerke'd poor Simon about, making him dance the canaries for two hours, he crying out, *sweet wife, good wife forbear*; but she crying out, *Yeu Rascal, where's your cloaths and your money? have you pawn'd your cloaths at the Alehouse and given your money to your whores I'll soon make you sober, and cure you of your leachery*, with that she redoubled her stripes, and laid about her so unmercifully that poor Simon was all over cover'd with blood, no intreaties could prevail with her to abate her blows, but as soon as she began to be out of breath, she gave over, & dismiss'd him upon his begging pardon on his knees and promising for the future to be more circumspect and careful.

*By this the Jages that have wrote of old,
we're told 'tis grievous for to have a scold,
Much more unhappy is the house that shows,
The Cock thats silent and the Hen that crows*

The following copy of verses give an account of the many deplorable mistortunes that attended the unfortunate Simon, and how he intended to have finish'd his miserable days by Poison, and by mistake drank a bottle of Sack.

Reader

R eader attend to you I will relate,
 The sad misfortunes of poor Simon's fate,
 How much his wife to cruelty was bent,
 That he poor man could seldom give content.
 This bawling woman had such love for Sack,
 A bottle oft she drank behind his back,
 She had a bottle held two quarts or more,
 Which frequently she hung behind the door,
 Simon she told that it was poison strong,
 So if he tasted it would do him wrong.
 Therefore be rul'd by me your loving wife,
 One drop of this will take away your life,
 This brawling woman had both Sow and Pigs,
 With Hens and Turkeys, which laid store of Eggs;
 Fair Ewes and Weathers with some fatted Lambs,
 All in the Forest sporting with their Dams,
 And unto Simon she gave charge of all,
 When a sad misfortune did to him befall,
 His chiefest care was to live free from strife,
 But by ill luck he anger'd oft his wife,
 Crosses and losses came on him so fast,
 His life a burden was to him at last.
 One morning he was sent to view the Sheep,
 With caution great lest he should fall asleep.
 She bread and butter gave into his hand,
 That he the readier might obey command.
 But by the Sheep he slept upon the plain,
 And six fat Lambs were by the Foxes slain,
 This rais'd confusion greatly for a time,
 But at last got pardon for this crime,
 The Goslings young she sent him to attend,
 And gave him charge that he should not offend,
 Misfortunes happen'd e'er 'twas night,
 Five Goslings stolen by the devouring Kite,
 Simon was ne'er so much disturb'd before,
 His wife he knew would scold him at the door,
 This brought upon his mind a hedious strife.
 What answer should be made unto his Wife,
 Next morning he was sent to milk the Cow,

Where

Where fresh misfortunes happen'd by a Sow,
 For as he strove to drive the Pigs away,
 The Sow must sily drank up all the Whey,
 The Cheese sat broke and eat the Cheese withal,
 And broke the Cream pot in the spacious Hall;
 This made confusion great as e'er was known,
 Poor Simon wept and made a piteous moan,
 The Sow had drank so much she lost her life,
 And this brought on fresh sorrow and great strife,
 But when his wife beheld this dismal sight,
 She flew at Simon like unto a fright,
 Shelogg'd his ears, and wrung so long his nose,
 She made at last the tears run down his hose,
 At every blow she did to Simon say,
 Think on the Goslings which were stole away,
 So thinking this the life he was to lead,
 He to the chamber hasten'd with all speed,
 To seize the Bottle mention'd here before,
 Filled with Poison hanging by the door,
 With this he'd end a noisy wretched life,
 Rather than live with such a scolding wife,
 He open'd wide the window on the South,
 And put the bottle close unto his mouth,
 All this I'll drink with pleasure to my heart,
 And so at once drank off a lovely quart,
 Again he set the bottle to his mouth,
 And ne'er gave over till it was quite out,
 He soon fell down like one bereav'd of life,
 But crying said I'm poison'd by my wife,
 I feel it flowing round in every vein,
 I feel it twining in my very brain,
 My stomach and my bowels e'ry part,
 Is poison'd tho' 'tis true I feel no smart:
 But Simon's wife did by the window walk,
 And knew full well of what he did so talk,
 So furiously she up the stairs did run,
 To see what was unto the bottle done,
 She found poor Simon as of life bereft,

[But

But not one drop of Sack ith' the Bottle left,
 Alas! quoth he I soon must lose my life,
 By means of Poison taken from my wife,
 Gollo! says she I soon will then contrive,
 A remedy will make you quite alive,
 She then a powder blew into his nose,
 When like a madman presently he rose,
 And down he ran into the open street,
 And all were frighted that did Simon meet,
 His wife did follow close thro' thick and thin,
 And with a cudgel labour'd Simon's skin,
 The weight of which made Simon sorely rear,
 He ne'er had felt such heavy blows before,
 At last a neighbour pacified his wife,
 And made an end of all this furious strife,
 Simon we're told transacted all with care,
 Whate'er it was that fell unto his share,
 And Margery's good graces smil'd at last,
 And she forgave whate'er was done and past,
 Simon thus freed from sorrow and from dread,
 With merriment they both were got to bed,
 There is no doubt he pleas'd well his wife,
 For ever since he's led a pleasant life.

Now after the fury of Simon's misfor-
 tunes were so well pacified between him
 and his wife Margery, it would be the
 greatest wonder to hear them scold or
 brawl, or to have an ill word one with the
 other for Simon having been over-rul'd be-
 fore, was brought to that peg now, that the
 least word of his wife would cause him to
 do any thing that she desir'd as making of
 fires, scowering the grates, cleaning the
 spits,

spits, washing the dishes, making the bed, with a hundred little things belonging to drudgery, never thinking it too much for so good a wife as she proves to be.

Tho' Margery was much given to passion and upon trifling occasions, used to give way to her ill humours, yet now at last finding that Simon tho' weak in understanding had very good dispositions to please & do right, she thought it the best way to bear with her husband's weaknesses, rather than be perpetually finding fault, and making bad worse: In this she judged right, for Simon being encouraged by her late mild behaviour, his mind grew easy & composed, he judg'd better of things, as the terror of her anger abated, so the more she seem'd pleas'd with what he did, the greater were his desires to oblige her, this at length wrought so different a change between them it was with pleasure taken notice of by all the neighbourhood.

Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife,

The remainder of their days were spent with joy and comfort, their children God was pleas'd to bless them with were taught to read and write, and made useful to the world.

The

The great cause of evil which arises in a marriage state generally proceeds from slight occasions, and therefore it shou'd be the first maxim with married people for both parties to be above trifles, things of Importance naturally bespeak our care and attention, and in these we are guarded against in all events but for less occasions we form no resolutions, and so our minds are quite unprepared, however, those that endeavour to please, will please and good humour and complacency of temper, will out-live all other charms.

Good humour only teaches charms to last
Still makes new conquests and preserves
the past.

S I N I S



The great cause of evil which arises in a marriage state generally proceeds from slight occasions, and therefore it shou'd be the first maxim with married people for both parties to be above trifles, things of Importance naturally bespeak our care and attention, and in these we are guarded against in all events but for less occasions we form no resolutions, and so our minds are quite unprepared, however, those that endeavour to please, will please and good humour and complacency of temper, will out-live all other charms.

Good humour only teaches charms to last
Still makes new conquests and preserves
the past.



